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Colorado Mountain Club

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Camp Fire

Songs

CAMP FIRE ELVES

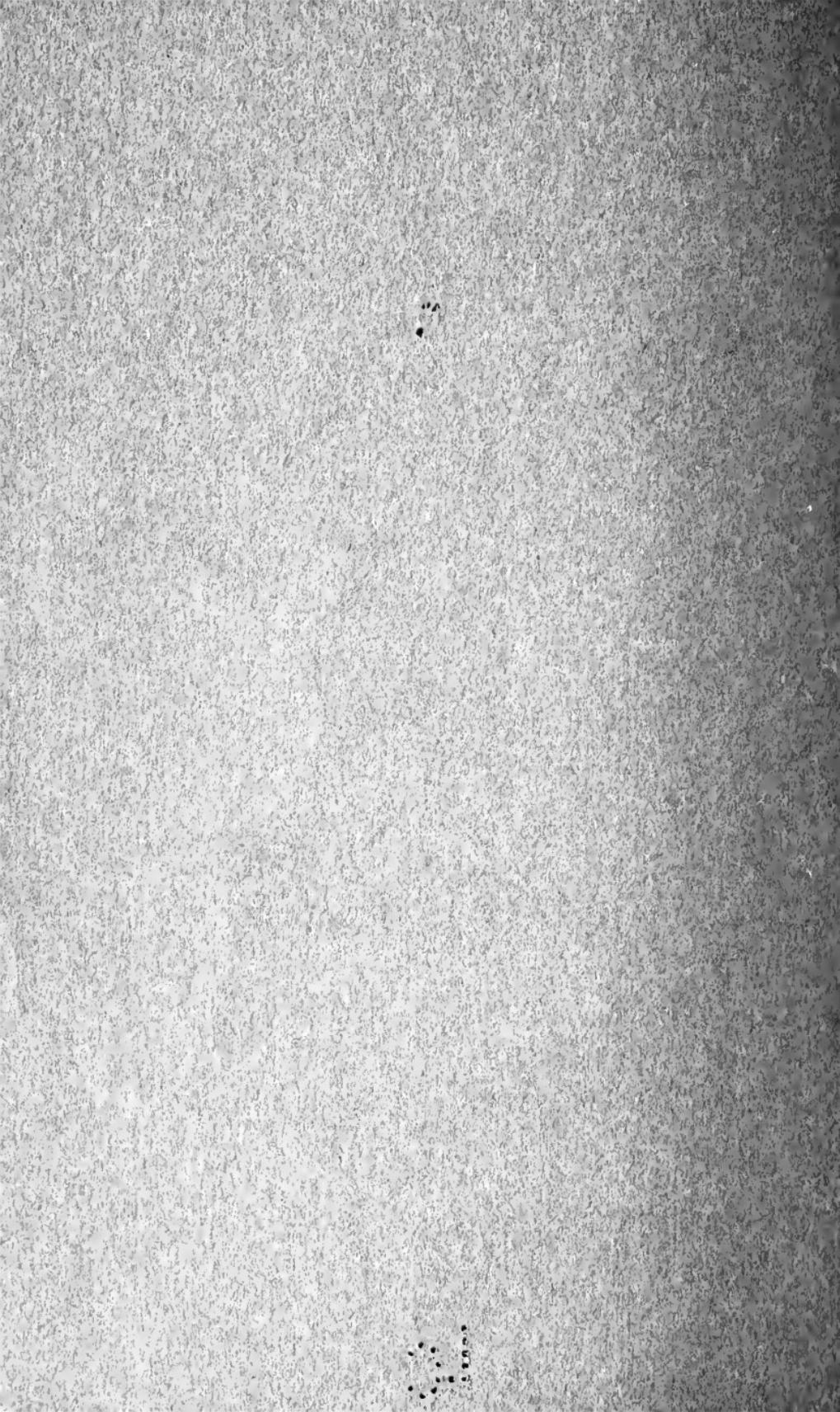
All winter long we were locked up tight
In a pitch pine log that was dark as night
Beneath the snow.

Then came spring and we saw the light,
And the snow disappeared beneath the might
Of the sun's warm glow.

And we knew you'd come to set us free,
The dancing elves of your fire are we
With sparkling eyes.

We paint the logs bright red, you see,
And we flavor your bacon and spice your tea;
Our gay songs ring from tree to tree,
And we fill your camp chuck full of glee
Till your camp fire dies.

—Emma R. Barnard,



PS593
L8C5b

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1. STAR-SPANGLED BANNER Key B-flat

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-
poses,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner: oh! long may it
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's deso-
lation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-
rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the
brave.

2.

AMERICA.

Key G

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing.

Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love.

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song.

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory !
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries !
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 When peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave !
 Th' avenging sword unsheathe !
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On liberty or death !

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air !
 To mete and vend the light and air !
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?
 To arms, etc.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. Key B-flat

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus. Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
 circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening
 dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
 flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across
 the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
 and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
 men free,
 While God is marching on.

5. DIXIE LAND. Key C

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten.
Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie land.
In Dixie land, whar I was born in
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie land.

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie.

Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes, an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter.

Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, Look away, Look away, Dixie land.

6. **COLORADO, ELDORADO.** Key G
(Written by Mrs. B. Kobey and composed by Mrs.
J. W. Deane, Aspen.)

Where the green aspen trees
Quiver pale in the breeze,
Miles high above the sea,
The spruce and the pine,
And the blue Columbine
Proclaim their birthright free.
From the grave mountain crest,
Where the sun sinks to rest,
Thy crags are calling me.
I would up and away,
In thy wild dells to stray;
My heart is wanting thee.

Chorus.

Colorado, Eldorado,
Out in the golden west.
Eldorado, Colorado,
The state we love the best.
Colorado, Eldorado,
Out in the golden west.
Eldorado, Colorado,
The state we love the best.

In valley, on peak,
All may find if they seek
The joy of perfect health.
From mines manifold,
Lead and silver and gold
Bestow their boundless wealth.
Thy pine-laden air,
Thy blue skies so fair,
Thy streams are calling me.
If your heart, man, be true,
Colorado for you,
Her sons pledge loyalty.

7.

COLORADO.

Key A

(Tune, Boola.)

Colorado, Colorado,
 Colorado, Colorado,
 Then we'll shout for Colorado,
 Colorado Mountain Club.

8.

**HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S
ALL HERE.**

Key G

Oh, we've come to the Mountain Club show
 And we're going to have a big pow-wow,
 And we'll all stick together
 In rain and shiny weather,
 For we're going to see the whole show through.

Chorus.

Well! Well! Well!
 Hail! Hail! The gang's all here,
 So what the what do we care,
 What the what do we care?
 Hail! Hail! The gang's all here,
 So what the what do we care now?

9.

FUR AWAY.

Key D

Our hiking friends have come to Colorado,
 They left the plains and ocean for a short vacation
 stay;
 And if you ask 'em why they ever did it,
 'Twas to climb the Rocky Mountains, oh, so fur,
 fur away.
 Fur away, fur away,
 'Twas to climb the Rocky Mountains,
 Oh, so fur, fur away.

10. O, WON'T WE RAMBLE. Key A

We're off again with camping duds upon our annual lark
We'll ramble over rocks and streams and hike from dawn to dark;
We'll chase the mountain sheep from off his perch so small and high,
And then we'll ramble back to camp for huckleberry pie.

Chorus.

O, won't we ramble, ramble,
Over vale and hill;
Of fun we'll have our fill.
O, we'll ramble, ramble,
We'll ramble till we drive dull care away.

11. E-YIP-I-ADDY-I-AY. Key A

E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay! E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
I don't care what becomes of me,
When you sing me that sweet melody.
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
My heart wants to holler "hurray!" (Hurray)
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Camp was ever like this,
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!

12. I WANT TO POWDER MY NOSE. Key D

I want to powder my nose,
My shiny nose, my tiny nose.
My nose gets red when I talk to you,
And what is a poor girlie going to do?
I've got powder enough:
Here in my muff is my powder puff.
I love the kisses like all other misses,
But please let me powder my nose.

I've got to grease up my nose,
My sunny nose, my runny nose.
My nose burns up when I climb a peak,
And runs like a hose for at least a week.
We have lots of grease paint.
Useful it is, handsome it ain't.
I hate the peelin's for they hurt my feelin's,
So I've got to grease up my nose.

I've got to tape up my toes,
My squirming toes, my burning toes.
My feet swell up when I climb a peak,
And won't fit my shoes for at least a week.
Gosh! how a small blister grows,
Gets so blame big it busts out my hose.
Grease does for nosies, but tape is for tosies;
So I've got to tape up my toes.

I've got to feed up my face,
That empty place, down by the waist.
I hollow up when I climb a peak,
And can't fill the cave for at least a week;
Our cook's got grub enough,
He's the real stuff, not a mere bluff;
He sure can fill it, just he and his skillet;
So I've got to feed up my face.

Gee, let's call off this song,
It's too darn long, here goes the gong.
I get so tired when I climb a peak
That I could sleep for at least a week;
Hence, with this verse we close,
We need repose, so now here goes;
No more exploring, we soon shall be snoring,
And then we'll forget all our woes.

**13. OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP Key G
IN THE MORNING.**

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!
Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed!
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call:
"You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning."
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler;
Some day they're going to find him dead.
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

14. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES. Key A-flat

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

15. I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET. Key D

But I ain't got weary yet,
No, I ain't got weary yet.
Been climbin' up mountains all day long,
All the time a singin' this song,
'Cause I ain't got weary yet,
An' I never will, you bet!
Why, every mountain that I see
Looks as easy as can be!
It may be work, but it just suits me,
An' I ain't got weary yet.

16.

STEIN SONG.

Key C

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time,
 For a life that knows no fear!
 Turning night-time into day-time
 With the sunlight of good cheer!
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table
 And a good song ringing clear.

17.

KATY.

Key C-sharp

(Tune: Dutch Warbler.)

Oh where, Oh where has my Katy went,
 Th' ain't nobody sAWN her all day;
 I fear the black varmints has etten her up
 And druggen her body away.

Chorus.

Tra, la, etc., etc.

Alas and alack! my worst fears has came true,
 We won't never see her no more;
 Her body's been founden drug into a hole,
 All kivered with gashes and gore.
 The varmints had ketched her alone by herself;
 She give 'em a struggle or two,
 But they was more stronger and done her at last,
 So, now, my dear Katie, adoo!

18.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Key F

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal.

(Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.)

My Sally am a spunky gal.

(Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.)

Chorus.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
 For I'm going to Louisiana,
 For to see my Susianna.

(Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.)

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair, (Sing, etc.)
With curly eyes and laughing hair. (Sing, etc.)

Oh, I came to a river an' I couldn't get across,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, an' I tho't he
was a hoss.

Oh, a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

Oh, I went to bed but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

Behind de barn, down on my knee,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

He sneezed so hard wid de whoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

19.

UPIDEE.

Key G

The shades of night were falling fast,
(Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la !)

As through an Alpine village passed
(Tra, la, la, la, la !)

A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device:

Chorus.

Upidee,-idee,-ida, Upidee, Upida,
Upidee,-idee-ida, Upidee,-ida;
R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!
(Repeat "Upidee," etc.)

His brow was sad, his eye beneath, (Tra, la, etc.)
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
(Tra, la, etc.)

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue:

Chorus.

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
(Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la!)

Thy weary head upon this breast!"
(Tra, la, la, la, la!)

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh:

Chorus.

20. SOLOMON LEVI. Key B-flat

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store in Baxter
street,

That's where you'll find your coats and vests, and
ev'rything that's neat.

I've secondhanded overcoats, and ev'rything that's
fine,

For all the boys they trade with me at one hun-
dred and forty-nine.

Chorus.

Oh, Mister Levi, Levi, tra, la, la, la;

Poor Sheeny Levi, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la;

My name is Solomon Levi (repeat verse above).

Sometimes a bummer comes inside my store in
Baxter street,

And tries to hang me up for coat and vest and
pants so neat.

I kicks that bummer out of my store, and on him
sets my pup,

For I won't sell clothes to any man that tries to
hang me up.

Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
 Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
 Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,
 When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan!

Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots,
 When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan!
 Kazecazan!

Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand,
 When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan!
 Yucatan! Kalamazoo!

Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips,
 When I am gone away?

Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan!
 Yucatan! Kalamazoo! Michigan! Bad
 Man!

22. BREWERS' BIG HORSES. Key C

De brewers' big hosses am a-comin' down de road,
 Totin' 'aroun' ole Lucifer's load;
 Oh! dey step so high and dey step so free,
 But de brewers' big hosses can't run ober me.

Chorus.

Oh, no, boys—oh, no!
 De turnpike's free whereber I go;
 I's a temp'rance engine, don't you see,
 An' de brewers' big hosses can't run ober me.

De liquor men am actin' like dey owned de place,
 Libin' off de sweat ob de poo' man's face.
 Dey's as fat and sassy as dey can be,
 But de brewers' big hosses can't run ober me.

I'll hitch dem hosses to de temp'rance cart,
Hit 'em a lick fo' to gib 'em a start;
I'll teach 'em how to haw an' gee,
For dem big hosses can't run ober me.

23.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Key C

My wife and I lived all alone
In a little log hut we called our own;
She loved gin, and I loved rum,
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Chorus.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee?
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee?
'Tis you who makes my friends, my foes,
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.
When I go toiling to my farm,
I take Little Brown Jug under my arm;
I place it under a shady tree,
Little Brown Jug, 'tis you and me.
If all the folks in Adam's race
Were gathered together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
Before I'd part from you, my dear.
If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.
The rose is red, my nose is, too,
The violet's blue, and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.

24. WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD. Key G

I once did know a girl named Grace,
While workin' on the railroad;
She brought me to this sad disgrace,
While workin' on the railroad.
For I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live-long day;
I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rising up so early in the morn?
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn?"

Sing me a song of the cities;
Roll that cotton bale;
Nigger ain't half so happy
As when he's out of jail.
Norfolk for your oyster shells,
Boston for your beans,
Charleston for your rice and corn,
But for niggers, New Orleans.

25.

LIZA JANE.

Key D

I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane;
I'se got a gal an' you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus.

Oh, Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane. (Repeat.)

Come, my love, and marry me, Li'l, etc.,
I will take good care of thee, Li'l, etc.

Way down upon de Swanee riber,
 Far, far away,
 Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,
 Dere's wha' de ole folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de ole plantation,
 And for de ole folks at home.

Chorus.

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eb'rywhar I roam.
 Oh ! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de ole folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young.
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I;
 Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming
 All round de comb ?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home ?

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;

Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?

Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?

Grieving for forms now departed long ago,

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

28. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. Key F

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,

All merry, all happy and bright.

By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,

Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,

Oh! weep no more today!

We will sing one song, for the old Kentucky home,

For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore.

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,

On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight.
The time has come when the darkies have to part;
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkie may go.
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

29. **KENTUCKY BABE.** Key B-flat

Skeeters am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine.
Sleep, Kentucky babe.
Sand man am a comin' to dis little coon of mine.
Sleep, Kentucky babe.
Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heabens up above.
Bobolink am pinin' fo' his little lady love.
You is mighty lucky,
Babe of old Kentucky,
Close your eyes in sleep.

Chorus.

Fly away, fly away, Kentucky babe,
Fly away to rest.
Fly away, lay yo' kinky woolly head
On yo' mammy's breast.
Um um (humming)
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

Daddy's in de canebrake wid his little dog and gun.
Sleep, Kentucky babe.
'Possum fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time
is done.
Sleep, Kentucky babe.

Bogie man'll ketch yo' sure unless you close yo'
eyes,
Waitin' jes outside de doo' to take yo' by surprise.
Bes' be keepin' shady,
Little colored lady,
Close your eyes in sleep.

30.

JUANITA.

Key E-flat

Soft o'er the fountain,
Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain,
Breaks the day too soon.
In thy dark eye's splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell.
'Nita, Juanita,
Ask thy soul if we should part.
'Nita, Juanita,
Lean thou on my heart.
When, in thy dreaming,
Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming
Prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting,
For thine absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting
To a pray'r gone by?
'Nita, Juanita,
Let me linger by thy side.
'Nita, Juanita,
Be my own fair bride.

31.

SWEET AND LOW.

Key C

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea.
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

32. STARS OF THE SUMMER Key E-flat
NIGHT.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deep,
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in golden light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

**33. DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH
THINE EYES.** Key E-flat

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe
And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

34. ANNIE LAURIE. Key C

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and dee.

35. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL. Key D

Nights are growing very lonely,
 Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
 Listn'ing for your song.
Old remembrances are flowing
 Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams,
 Just to call you back to me.

Chorus.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
 And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
 That long ,long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,
 Calling sweet and low ;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling
 Everywhere I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
 Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet
 When I think I see you smile.

How can I bear to leave thee?
 One parting kiss I give thee;
 And then, whate'er befalls me,
 I go where honor calls me.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
 Or to this heart enfold thee.
 With spear and pennon glancing,
 I see the foe advancing.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

I think of thee with longing;
 Think thou, when tears are thronging,
 That with my last faint sighing
 I'll whisper soft, while dying,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine,
 We've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

38. **GOOD NIGHT, LADIES.** Key G

Good night, ladies! (Three times.)
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies! (Three times.)
We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies! (Three times.)
We're going to leave you now.

39. **OLD HUNDRED.** Key G

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

40. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING Key G

(Tune, Italian Air.)

Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

To the great One in Three
The highest praises be
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have
trod.

We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and duty, one in charity.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng.
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, laud and honor unto God our King;
This, through countless ages, men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy, though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
see.

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and
sky and sea.

Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
Who wert and art, and evermore shall be.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Should'st lead me on.

I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.

I lov'd the garish day; and, spite of fears,
 Pride rul'd my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,

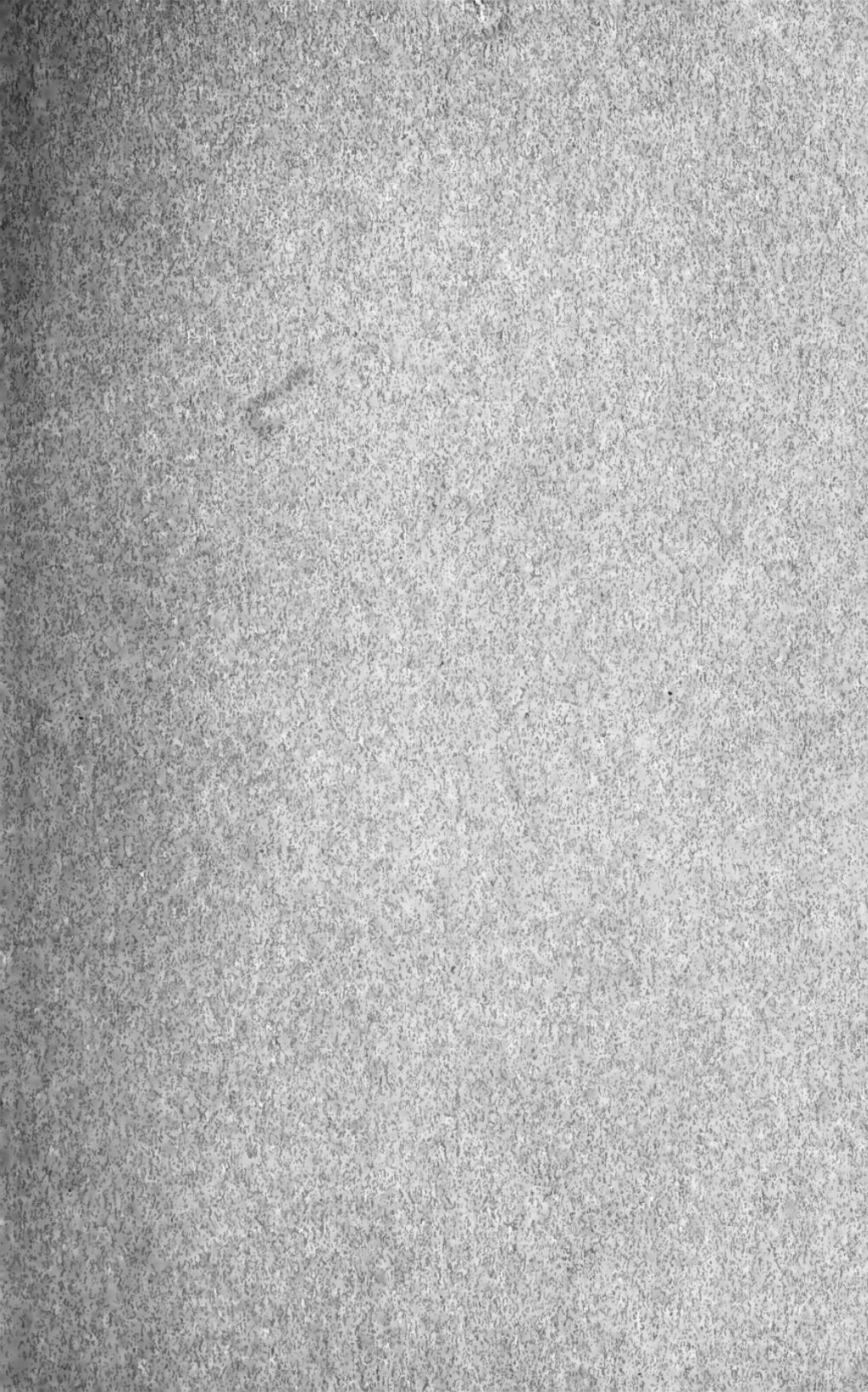
And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost awhile.

44. NOW THE DAY IS OVER. Key A

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds and beasts and flowers,
 Soon will be asleep.

Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose.
 With thy tend'rest blessing
 May our eyelids close.



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TAPS.

Key G

Goodnight.

We must part.

God keep watch o'er us all where we go,
Till we meet once again.

Goodnight.

